



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

WHENCE THEY CAME.

Potatoes came from far Virginia;
Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;
French beans, low growing on the earth,
To distant India trace their birth;
But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
That climb upon your garden wall—
A cheerful sight to all around—
In South America were found.
The onion travelled here from Spain;
The leek from Switzerland we gain,
Garlic from Sicily obtain,
Spinach in fair Syria grows;
Two hundred years ago or more
Brazil the artichoke sent o'er.
And Southern Europe's seacoast shore
Beetroot on us bestows.
When 'Lizabeth was reigning here,
Peas came from Holland, and were dear.
The south of Europe lays its claim
To beans; but some from Egypt came.
The radishes, both thin and stout,
Natives of China are, no doubt;
But turnips, carrots, and sea kale,
With celery, so crisp and pale,
Are products of our own fair land,
And cabbages, a goodly tribe,
Which abler pens might well describe,
Are also ours, I understand.

Being generous grows on one just as being mean does. The disposition to be kind to others should be inculcated and fostered in children. It is the way to improve the world, and make happy the people who are in it.

HOW AUSTIN GOT HOME.

It was getting dark; it was also getting chilly. Fleet, the Texas pony, had made good time, and yet the little boy on his back did not seem to be any nearer home than when he started.

"You must cross the creek at the mill, you know, Austin," Uncle John had said: "turn to the right, go up a long hill, and at the top you will find a five-barred gate; go through that and you will find a straight road home."

So the little boy crossed the creek, turned to the right, went up a long hill, but where was the five-barred gate? He couldn't find it. He never did find it. The fact is there were two long up-hill roads after he crossed the creek and after he turned to the right. Uncle John had forgotten that, and Austin took the wrong one that didn't have a five-barred gate on it. And now, as I said, it was getting dark, it was getting chilly, and Austin brought Fleet to a standstill.

"I have lost my way," said the little boy to himself, feeling the cold chills run down his back. "What am I going to do?" He turned in his saddle and looked all around. There was a rim of light

along the horizon, and bats were wheeling in circles between him and that far rim; but no other living thing was in sight.

"God knows the way, of course," said Austin; "I'd better just ask him to show Fleet."

He dropped the reins on the pony's neck, folded his hands, and asked God to take him home.

No sooner did Fleet feel the reins on his neck, and no ignorant little hand guiding him the wrong way, than he turned right around in his track, trotted down the long wrong hill, up to the long right hill, waited till Austin opened the five-barred gate, and soon the home lights twinkled through the gathering shadows.

So God had answered Austin's prayer. True, the instinct to find the way home had come to the pony through hundreds of generations of ponies. But God had put it there in the first place, and had used it now, as often before, to help his children when they lost their way.

CHRIST A FRIEND.

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had none.

"Mother told me whom to go to before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was mother's friend, and he's mine."

"Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is

away off, and he has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely that he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know, he says he will, and that's enough for me."

NOBODY.

"Nobody b'oke it! It cracked itself, It was clear away on the topmost shelf, I—perhaps the kitty-cat knows!"

Says poor little Ned,
With his eyes as red
As the heart of a damask rose.

"Nobody lost it! I carefully
Put my cap just where it ought to be,
(No, 'tisin't ahind the door).

And it went and hid;
Why, of course it did,
For I've hunted an hour or more."

"Nobody tore it! You know things will
Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone-
still!

I was jumping over the fence—
There's some spikes on top,
And you have to drop
Before you half commence."

Nobody! wicked Sir Nobody!
Playing such tricks on my children three!
If I but set eyes on you,

You should find what you've lost!
But that, to my cost,
I never am like to do!

